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## THE WAR SONG OF BLEDDYN\*.

Sons of chiefs, whose forms repose,  
 Where the cloud its shadow throws  
 Over Snowdon's craggy height,  
 Rise, and nerve ye for the fight!  
 Hark ! his wing the raven flutters,  
 Ominous the sounds he utters,  
 Sounds of death unto our foes,  
 Ere another day shall close.

Sons of chiefs, arise, behold  
 Yonder banner's massy fold,  
 Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,  
 To the dust inglorious hurl it.  
 Down upon their columns sweep,  
 As the whirlwind on the deep,  
 When its all-destroying breath  
 Lays the mighty low in death.

By the wrongs, that ye have felt,  
 Deeply let the blow be dealt,  
 That the Saxon host may know,  
 They have met no common foe :  
 Rising morn shall view the raven  
 Tear the brest of every craven ;  
 But the brave shall win their right :  
 Sons of chiefs, advance to fight.

S. R. J.

## CAMBRIAN MELODY.

WHERE the long grass waves its head  
 Are the valiant lying :  
 There its dew the cloud doth shed,  
 There the breeze is sighing.

\* These stanzas, and the following "Melody," come, it will be seen, from the same pen, and are highly creditable to the poetical talent, that has produced them. The writer is now employed on a long poem, founded on an event in the history of Wales, and which it is his intention to publish, provided there should be a prospect of sufficient encouragement : and, should the whole prove equal to the specimen of it which the Editor has seen, it will richly merit the general patronage of the Principality—Ed.

There their noble forms repose,  
 Who beheld the struggle close,  
 Ending all their country's woes,  
 Bravely for her dying.

Where the noxious weeds arise,  
 There the craven sleepeth :  
 Who for him in secret sighs ?  
 Who above him weepeth ?  
 Like a cloud his name shall pass,  
 Like the dew upon the grass,  
 Whence his race, or what he was,  
 None remembrance keepeth.

S. R. J.

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“SWEET AMONG THE WAVING TREES”\*.

Written and composed by Mr. J. Parry, Editor of “Welsh Melodies,” for Mr. Braham, and sung by him, with the greatest success, in the opera of “Love in a Village,” at Drury Lane Theatre.

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SWEET among the waving trees,  
 Gently blows the morning breeze,  
 Bright the gems that deck the thorn,  
 Fair the form by nature worn.

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While sluggards on their couches lie,  
 And never taste the sweets of morn,  
 O'er hills and dales gay sportsmen fly,  
 With merry hound, and mellow horn !  
 Mankind have various sports in view,  
 Some hunt for wealth, and some for fame ;  
 While those who virtue's chase pursue,  
 Seek spotless honour for their game.  
 While sluggards, &c. &c. &c.

\* A little deviation from the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON is made in the insertion of this song ; but, as it is the production of a Welshman, and the only one who has *written and composed* for our national theatres, it cannot but be gratifying to the friends of the Principality, and especially to the lovers of poetry, to have it recorded in these pages.—ED.